NUMB. XXVI.

The GUARDIAN.

Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto quæ dos dicitur
Sed pudicitiam & pudorem & sedatum cupidinem. Plaut.

Friday, April 10. 1713.

AN healthy old Fellow, that is not a Fool, is the happiest Creature living. It is at that Time of Life only Men enjoy their Faculties with Pleasure and Satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the Phrase is; we speak the downright Truth, and whether the rest of the World will give us the Privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them that we can take it. I shall be very free with the Women from this one Consideration; and having nothing to desire of them, shall treat them as they stand in Nature, and as they are adorned with Virtue, and not as they are pleased to form and disguise themselves. A Set of Fops, from one Generation to another, has made such a Pother with *Bright Eyes*, *the Fair Sex*, *the Charms*, *the Air*, and something so incapable to be expressed but with a Sigh, that the Creatures have utterly gone out of their very Being, and there are no Women at all in the World. If they are not Nymphs, Shepherdesses, Graces or Goddesses, they are to a Woman all of them *the Ladies*. Get to a Christning at any Ally in Town, and at the meanest Artificers, and the Word is, *Well, who takes Care of the Ladies?* I have taken notice that ever since the Word *Forsooth* was banished, for *Madam*, the Word *Woman* has been discarded for *Lady*. And as there is now never a Woman in *England*, I hope I may talk of *Women* without Offence, to the *Ladies*. What puts me in this present Disposition to tell them their own is, that in the Holy Week I very civilly desired all Delinquents in Point of Chastity to make some Atonement for their Freedoms, by bestowing a Charity upon the miserable Wretches who languish in the *Lock* Hospital. But I hear of very little done in that matter; and I am informed, they are pleased, instead of taking notice of my Precaution, to call me an ill-bred old Fellow, and say I do not understand the World. It is not, it seems, within the Rules of Good-breeding to tax the Vices of People of Quality, and the Commandments were made for the Vulgar. I am indeed informed of some Oblations sent into the House, but they are all come from the Servants of Criminals of Condition. A poor Chamber-maid has sent in Ten Shillings out of her Hush-money, to expiate her Guilt of being in her Mistress's Secret; but says, she dare not ask her Ladiship for any thing, for she is not so supposed that she is locked up with a young Gentleman, in the Absence of her Husband, three Hours together for any harm; but as my Lady is a Person of great Sense, the Girl does not know but that they were reading some good Book together; but because she fears it may be otherwise, she has sent her Ten Shillings for the Guilt of concealing it. We have a Thimble from a Country Girl that owns she has had Dreams of a fine Gentleman who comes to their House, who gave her half a Crown, and bid her have a care of the Men in this Town; but she thinks he does not mean what he says, and sends the Thimble, because she does not hate him as she ought. The Ten Shillings, this Thimble, and an Occamy Spoon from some other unknown poor Sinner, are all the Atonement which is made for the Body of Sin in *London* and *Westminster*. I have computed, that there is one in every Three Hundred who is not chaste; and if that be a modest Computation, how great a Number are those who make no Account of my Admonition. It might be expected one or two of the Two Hundred and Ninety Nine honest might, out of meer Charity and Compassion to Iniquity, as it is a Misfor-

(Price Two Pence.)

Misfortune, have done ſomething upon ſo good a Time, as that wherein they were ſollicited. But Major *Crabtree*, a ſour Pot-Companion of mine, ſays, the Two Hundred and Ninety Nine are one way or other as little Virtuous as the Three Hundredth unchaſte Woman, I would ſay Lady. It is certain, that we are infeſted with a parcel of Jill-flirts, who are not capable of being Mothers of brave Men, for the Infant partakes of the Temper and Diſpoſition of its Mother. We ſee the unaccountable Effects which ſudden Frights and Longings have upon the Off-ſpring; and it is not to be doubted, but the ordinary way of Thinking of the Mother has its Influence upon what ſhe bears about her Nine Months. Thus from the want of Care in this Particular of chuſing Wives, you ſee Men, after much Care, Labour and Study, ſurpriſed with prodigious Starts of Ill-Nature and Paſſion, that can be accounted for no otherwiſe but from hence, that it grew upon them in Embrio, and the Man was determined Surly, Peeviſh, Froward, Sullen or Outragious before he ſaw the Light. The laſt time I was in a Publick Place I fell in Love by Proxy for Sir *Harry Lizard*. The young Woman happens to be of Quality: Her Father was a Gentleman of as noble a Diſpoſition as any I have ever met with. The Widow her Mother, under whoſe Wing the Virgin loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a Pattern to Perſons of Condition. Good Senſe, heightened and exerted with good Breeding, is the Parent's diſtinguiſhing Character; and if we can get this young Woman into our Family, we ſhall think we have a much better Purchaſe, than others who, without her good Qualities, may bring into theirs the greateſt Acceſſion of Riches. I ſent Sir *Harry* by laſt Night's Poſt the following Letter on the Subject.

Dear Sir Harry,

'UPON our laſt Parting, and I had juſt mounted the little Roan I am ſo fond of, you called me back; and when I ſtooped to you, you ſqueezed me by the Hand, and with Alluſion to ſome pleaſant Diſcourſe we had had a Day or two before in the Houſe, concerning the preſent Mercantile way of contracting Marriages, with a Smile and a Bluſh you bid me look upon ſome Women for you, and ſend word how they went: I did not ſee one to my Mind till the laſt *Opera* before *Eaſter*. I aſſure you I have been as unquiet ever ſince as I wiſh you were till you had her: Her Height, her Complexion, and every thing but her Age, which is under Twenty, are very much to my Satisfaction; there is an ingenuous Shame in her Eyes, which is to the Mind what the Bloom of Youth is to the Body, neither implies that there are Virtuous Habits and Accompliſhments already attained by the Poſſeſſor, but they certainly ſhow an unprejudiced Capacity towards them. As to the Circumſtance of this young Woman's Age, I am reconciled to her want of Years, becauſe ſhe pretends to nothing above them; you don't ſee in her the odious Forwardneſs to I know not what, as in the aſſured Countenances, naked Boſoms, and confident Glances of her Cotemporaries.

'I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole Heart, if you can win it; ſhe is in no Familiarities with the Fops, her Fan has never been yet out of her own Hand, and her Brother's Face is the only Man's ſhe ever look'd in ſtedfaſtly.

'When I have gone thus far, and told you that I am very confident of her as to her Virtue and Education, I may ſpeak a little freely to you, as you are a young Man: There is a Dignity in the young Lady's Beauty, when it ſhall become her to receive your Friends with a good Air and affable Countenance; when ſhe is to repreſent that Part of you, which you moſt delight in, the frank and chearful Reception of your Friends, her Beauties will do as much Honour to your Table, as they will give you Pleaſure in your Bed.

'It is no ſmall Inſtance of Felicity to have a Woman, from whoſe Behaviour your Friends are more endeared to you; and for whoſe Sake your Children are as much valued as for your own.

'It is not for me to celebrate the lovely Height of her Forehead, the ſoft Pulp of her Lips, or to deſcribe the amiable Profile which her fine Hair, Cheeks and Neck made to the Beholders that Night, but ſhall leave them to your own Obſervation when you come to Town; which you may do at your Leiſure, and be Time enough, for there are many in Town richer than her whom I recommend.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient and moſt Humble Servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Day is Publiſh'd the Second Edition of Windſor-Foreſt. To the Right Honourable George Lord Lanſdown, by Mr. Pope, pr. 1 s. Printed for Bernard Lintot, between the Two Temple-Gates in Fleet-ſtreet.

Juſt Publiſhed,

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